With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light Vanitie, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:
This Royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This oter Eden, demie Paradice,
This Foretresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of Warre;
This happy breed of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone set in the Siluer Sea,
Which serueues it in the office of a Wall,
Or as a Moate defensiue to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands:
This blessed plotte, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deeds as farre from home,
For Christian seruice and true chiualrie,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborne Iewrie,
Of the worlds Ransome, blessed *Maries* sonne:
This Land of such deare soules, this deare deare land;
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaced out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement and Pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inkie blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanisht with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death;

Yorke. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts being rag'de, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?
King. What comfort man? how ist with aged *Gaunt*?

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition,
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old;
Within me griefe hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstaines from meate, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England, long time haue I watcht;
Watching breedes leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some Fathers feede vppon,
Is my strickt fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein, fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.
King. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe.
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
King. Should dying men flatter those that liue?
Gaunt. No, no, men liuing flatter those that die.
King. Thou now a dying sayst, thou flatterest me.
Gaunt. Oh no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.
King. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill,
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,
Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,
And thou too carelesse patient as thou art,
Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Phisitions that first wounded thee:
A thousand Flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head;
And yet inraged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his Sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
From foorth thy reach he would haue layd thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe.
Why Cosin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this Land by Lease: